THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

Feing the History of Three Months in the Life of an English Gentleman.

By ANTHONY HOPE,

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VI.

The Secret of a Cellar.

I. I flung myself exhausted into an armchair. Sapt lit his pipe. He uttered no congratulations on the marvelous success of our wild risk, but his whole bearing was eloquent of satisfaction. The triumph, aided, perhaps, by good wine, had made a new man of Fritz.

"What a day for you to remember!" he cried. "Gad, I'd like to be a King whispered. for 12 hours myself! But, Rassendyll, you mustn't throw your heart too much answered. into the part. I don't wonder Black oked blacker than ever-you hand. and the Princess had so much to say to

"Never mind the woman," growled it.
pt. "Are you ready to start?"

"Yes," said I, with a sigh. It was 5 o'clock, and at 12 I should be no more than Rudolf Rassendyll. I remarked on it in a joking tone.
"You'll be lucky," observed Sapt head wobbling on my shoulders every cr, and body servant to his Highness minute you're in the city. Do you They were up to us; the Duke reigned know, friend, that Michael has had news from Zenda? He went into a room alone to read it and he came out looking like a man dazed."
"I'm ready," said I, this news making

me none the more eager to linger. Sapt sat down,

"I must write us an order to leave the city. Michael's Governor, you know, and we must be prepared for hind-rances. You must sign the order." "My dear Colonel, I've not been bred

Out of his pocket Sapt produced a

piece of paper.
"There's the King's signature," he said, "and here," he went on after another search in his pocket, "is some tracing paper. If you can't manage a 'Rudolf' in 10 minutes, why—I can." "Your education has been more com prehensive than mine," said I. "You

And a very tolerable forgery did this versatile hero produce.
"Now, Fritz," said he, "the King goes to bed. He is upset. No one is to see him till 9 o'clock to-morrow. You understand—no one?"
"I understand," answered Fritz.

"Michael may come, and claim im-mediate audience. You'll answer that only Princes of the blood are entitled

That 'll annoy Michael," laughed You quite understand?" asked Sapt

again. "If the door of this room is opened while we're away you're not to be alive to tell us about it." "I need no schooling, Colonel," said Fritz, a trifle haughtily. "Here, wrap yourself in this big

on this flat cap. My orderly rides with me to the shooting lodge to-night." "There's an obstacle," I observed. "The horse doesn't live that can carry "Oh, yes, he does-two of him; one

here—one at the lodge. Now are you ready?" "I'm ready," said I.

"In case," said he; and we shool hands heartily. "Damn your sentiment!" growled apt. "Come along."

He went, not to the door, but to a "In the old King's time," said he, ". knew this way well."

I followed him, and we walked, as I

should estimate, near 200 yards along a narrow passage. stout oak door. Sapt unlocked it. We passed through, and found ourselves in a quiet street that ran along the back the palace gardens. A man was waiting for us with two horses. One was a magnificent bay, up to any weight; the other a sturdy brown. Sapt signed to me to mount the bay. Without a word to the man we mounted and rode away. The town was full of noise and merriment, but we took secluded ways. My cloak was wrapped over half my face: the capacious flat cap hid every lock of my telltale hair. By directions I crouched on my saddle, and rode with such a round back as I hope never to exhibit on a horse again. Down a long, narrow lane we went, meeting some wanderers and some roisterers; and as we rode we heard the cathedra bells still clanging out their welcome the King. It was 6:30 and still light At last we came to the city wall and to

"Have your weapon ready," whisper-"We must stop his mouth if

I put my hand on my revolver. Sap halled the doorkeeper. The stars fought for us! A little girl of 14 tripped out.
"Please, sir, father's gone to see the "He'd better have stayed here," said

Sapt to me, grinning. "But he said I wasn't to open the "Did he, my dear?" said Sapt, dis-

mounting. 'Then give me the key."

The key was in the child's hand. Sapt gave her a crown.

"Here's an order from the King Show it to your father. Orderly, open I leaped down. Between us we rolled

back the great gate, led our horses out, and closed it again. "I shall be sorry for the doorkeeper if Michael finds out that he wasn't there. Now, then, lad, for a canter. We

mustn't go too fast while we're near Once, however, outside the city w ran little danger, for everybody else was

inside, merry-making; and as the even-ing fell we quickened our pace, my splendid horse bounding along under me as though I had been a feather. It was a fine night, and presently the moon appeared. We talked little on the way, and chiefly about the progress we were making.

"I wonder what the Duke's dispatches at the floor. told him!" said I, once.
"Aye, I wonder!" responded Sapt.

We stopped for a draft of wine and to bait our horses, losing half an hour thus. I dared not go into the inn, and stayed with the horses in the stable. Then we went ahead again, and had covered some five-and-twenty miles when Sapt abruptly stopped.
"Hark!" he cried.

I listened. Away, far behind us, in rained blows on the lock of the the still of the evening—it was just and I fired a cartridge into it. 9:30—we heard the beat of horses way, and the door swung open. hoofs. The wind, blowing strong be- "Give me a light," said I; but Sapt hind us, carried the sound. I glanced at still leaned against the wall.

we heard them again. Sapt jump down and laid his ear to the ground.

our way."

We galloped on. We seemed to be spice Col. Sapt for his agitation.

He can't lie very deep, but I doubt if he'll care about that. Poor little Josef! He was an honest bit of a man." holding our own. We had entered the learne to the door of the cellar. The He was an honest bit of a man."

outskirts of the forest of Zenda, and the red stain, turning more and more to a He went out and I went to the cellar.

trees, closing in behind us as the track zigged and zagged, prevented us seeing We were in the King's dressing Another half hour brought us to a divide of the road. Sapt drew rein.

"To the right is our road," "To left, to the castle. Each about eight miles. Get down." "But they'll be on us!" I cried.
"Get down!" he repeated brusquely,

and I obeyed. The wood was dense up to the very edge of the road. We led our horses into the covert, bound handkerchiefs

over their eyes, and stood beside them. "You want to see who they are?" "Aye, and where they're going," h

I saw that his revolver was in hi Nearer and nearer came the hoofs

"How beautiful she is!" I exclaimed. The moon shore out now clear and ing." said Sapt. "They must have sent full, so that the road was white with it before news of your arrival at Strel-The ground was hard, and we had left no traces.

"Here they come!" whispered Sapt. "It's the Duke!"
"I thought so!" he answered.

It was the Duke, and with him a burly fellow whom I knew well, and "if you're not the late Rudolf who had cause to know me afterward—dyll. By Heaven! I feel my Max Holf, brother to Johann the keep-

His Majesty Sleeps in Strelsau. I put my arm round Sapt's waist and supported him out of the cellar, draw-ing the battered door close after me. For 10 minutes or more we sat silent in the dining-room. Then old Sapt rubbed his knuckles into his eyes, gave one great gasp, and was himself again. the clock on the mantel-piece struck 1 ne stamped his foot on the floor, saying: "They've got the King!"
"Yes," said I, "'all's well!" as Black
Michael's dispatch said. What a moment it must have been for him when

"The King is not here," said I.

VII.

the royal salutes were fired at Strelsau this morning! I wonder when he got "It must have been sent in the morn-

and commended to God the soul of a faithful man. For it was the body of

au reached Zenda-I suppose it came "And he's carried it about all day!" I exclaimed. "Upon my honor, I'm not the only man who's had a trying day! What did he think, Sapt?"
"What does that matter? What does

he think, lad, now? I rose to my feet.
"We must get back," I said, "and rouse every soldier in Strelsau. We



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"IF HE'S RED HE'S RIGHT."

toward the trigger. I believe he would have given 10 years of his life for a shot; and he could have picked off Black Michael as easily as I could a barn-door fowl in a farmyard. I laid my hand on his arm. He nodded reassuringly; he was always ready to sacrifice, is eligation to duty.

ce inclination to duty.
"Which way?" asked Black Michael.

Why shouldn't we go to the lodge?" "I fear a trap. If all is well, why go the lodge? If not, it's a snare to trap us.' Suddenly the Duke's horse neighed In an instant we folded our cloaks close ound our horses' heads, and, holding them thus, covered the Duke and his

attendant with our revolvers. If they had found us they had been dead men or our prisoners. Michael waited a moment longer Then he cried:

"To Zenda then!" and setting spurs

to his horse, galloped on.
Sapt raised his weapon after him, and there was such an expression of wistful regret on his face that I had much ado not to burst out laughing For 10 minutes we stayed where w

"You see," said Sapt, "they've sen him news that all is well." "What does that mean?" I asked.

"God knows," said Sapt, frowning "But it's brought him from Strelsau in a rare puzzle Then we mounted, and rode fast a our weary horses could lay their feet to the ground. For those last eight miles

we spoke no more. Our minds were full of apprehension. "All is well." What did it mean? Was all well with At last the lodge came in sight, Spur ring our horses to a last gallop, we rod up to the gate. All was still and quiet

Not a soul came to meet us. We dis-mounted in haste. Suddenly Sapt caught me by the arm.
"Look here!" he said, pointing to the ground.

I looked down. At my feet lay five or six silk handkerchiefs, torn and slashed and rent. I turned to him questioning

"They're what I tied the old woman up with," said he. "Fasten the horses and come along."

The handle of the door turned with out resistance. We passed into the room which had been the scene of last night's It was still strewn with the rem nants of our meal and with empty bot

"Come in," cried Sapt, whose marvelous composure had at last almost given

"You might have known that from the handkerchiefs," he said.

Then we came opposite the door of the wine cellar. It was shut. It looked in all respects as it had looked when we left it that morning.
"Come; it's all right," said I.

red stain had spread over the floor of the passage and dried there. Sapt sank him to put you in?" wine against the opposite wall. I tried the door. It was locked.
"Where's Josef?" muttered Sapt.

"Where's Jose!?" Interior Sapt.

"Where's the King?" I responded.

Sapt took out a flask and put it to his our game. And then I was a young and informed me that he was of the man and I loved action, and I was of household of the Princess Flavia, and that her Royal Highness had sent him. and seized a heavy poker from the fire place. In my terror and excitement I rained blows on the lock of the door. and I fired a cartridge into it. It gave

Sapt.

"Come on!" he cried, and spurred his horse into a gallop. When we next paused to listen the hoof-bests were not and the hoof-bests were not that dark cellar was enough to tight was face only the hoard them again. Sapt jurged any man's face pale. I went more!"

"Sapt. "Sapt." I cried, "I'll try it!"

"Well played!" said he. "I hope they've left us the horses. I'll go and see."

"We must bury that poor fellow," said I. Sapt jumped any man's face pale. I went myself, and took a silver candlestick from the dining-table and struck a light, and as "There are two." he said. "They're dining-table and struck a light, and as only a mile behind. Thank God, the road curves in and out, and the wind's my taked hand as the candle swayed to

I saw Sapt's finger curl lovingly ought to be in pursuit of Michael be

"That cursed old woman" he broke

en by now!" 'And the King?"

"Who knows where the King is ow?" he asked. "Come; let's be off!" said I: but he sat still. And suddenly he one of his grating chuckles; "By Jove, we've shaken up Black Michael!"

"And we'll shake him up a bit more," he added, a cunning smile broadening on his wrinkled, weather-beaten face

and his teeth working on an end of his grizzled mustache. "Aye, lad, we'll go back to Strelsau. The King shall be in his capital again to-morrow."

"The King?" "The crowned King!"
"You're mad!" I cried.

"If we go back and tell the trick we played what would you give for our "Just what they're worth." said I

"And for the King's throne? Do you think that the nobles and the people vill enjoy being fooled as you've fooled hem? Do you think they'll love a King who was too drunk to be crowned, and ent a servant to personate him?"
"He was drugged—and I'm no ser-

"Mine will be Black Michael's ver-

He rose, came to me, and laid his and on my shoulder. "Lad," he said, "if you play the man ou may save the King yet. Go back and keep his throne warm for him." "But the Duke knows—the villains he as employed know-

"Aye, but they can't speak!" roared Sapt in grim triumph. "We've got 'em!

The position flashed on me. Whether The position flashed on me. Whether no such feeling. He six michael knew me or not he could not on his thigh delightedly. speak. Unless he produced the King "I what could he do? And if he produced do!" the King, where was he? For a mo nent I was carried away headlong; but held out my hand in an instant the difficulties came strong

apon me. the cellars. The door of the coal cellar stood wide open.

"They found the old woman," said 1.

"You might have be found out," I urged.

"They found the old woman," said 1.

"You might have be found out," I urged.

"They found the old woman," said 1. must be found out," I urged. in four-and-twenty hours, and wha would the King's life be worth then-

or his throne? Lad, you must do it!"
"Suppose they kill the King?"
"They'll kill him, if you don't." "Sapt, suppose they have killed the

"Come; it's all right," said I.

A loud oath from Sapt rang out. His face turned pale, and he pointed again shall reign in Ruritania! But I don't From under the door a believe they have; nor will they kill him if you're on the throne. Will they kill him and dried there. Sapt sank him to put you in 2".

"Here, quick, to the bedroom! Off with your cap and your boots. Get into bed. Cover everything up."

> fered such a hand in such a game as that her Royal Highness had sent him and bustle of American cities. perhaps never man played yet.
> "I shall be found out," I said.
> "Perhaps," said Sapt. "Con

Strelsau! We shall be caught like rats in a trap if we stay here."

"No time," said Sapt. "I'll do it."
"Hang you!" he grinned. "I make

tania. Josef, the little servant, slain in guard-"You fool!" mid he. "Come here." ing the King.

I felt a hand on my shoulder, and He drew me to the door. The mo turning, saw Sapt's eyes, glaring and terror-struck, beside me.

"The King! My God! the King!" he made out a party of men. There were age innocence is enough. To the eternal whispered hoarsely.

I threw the candle's gleam over every horseback and the rest were walking. and I saw that they carried long imple-ments, which I guessed to be spades and mattocks, on their shoulders.

"I'll not go before he's buried."
"Yes, you will."

"Not I, Coi. Sapt; not for all Ruri-

body of a man, lying flat on his back, with his arms stretched wide, and a you here. But you may save yourself crimson gash across his throat. I walked to him and knelt down beside him.

"I'll not go before he's buried."

"They'll save you the trouble," said "Come along." He was right. The approaching party must, beyond doubt, be Duke Michael's ing to the corpse of poor little Josef, I said to Sapt:

"Colonel, we ought to strike a blow for him!"
"You'd like to give him some com-

pany, eh? But it's too risky work, your Majesty.' "I must have a slap at 'em," said L

Sapt wavered. "Well," said he, "it's not business, you know, but you've been a good boy—and if we come to grief, why, hang me, it 'll save us a lot of thinking! I'll show you how to touch them." He cautiously closed the open chink of the door. Then we retreated through the house and made our way to the back entrance. Here our horses were standing. A carriage drive swept all around the lodge. "Revolver ready?" asked Sapt.

spurs into my horse again and my sword full into the big man's breast. His bullet whizzed past my ear—I could sword full into the big man's breast. His bullet whizzed past my ear—I could almost swear it touched it. I wrenched at the sword, but it would not come, and I dropped it and galloped after Sapt, whom I now saw about 20 yards ahead. I waved my hand in farwall and a revolution, and a revolution means is swear in the sword full into the big man's breast. His bullet whizzed past my ear—I could now keeps a steadying hand on the Recuisine will be found a very healthful one. In Mexico City there are several teen from a barrel which he found, and so-called "American restaurants," but I was unable to find one where our favor-ite viands were anything but poorly.

Another modest and countries which the which he opportunity when they had gone to dinner, filled his canso-called "American restaurants," but I was unable to find one where our favor-ite viands were anything but poorly. ahead. I waved my hand in farewell ahead. I waved my hand in farewell and dropped it a second later with a yell, for a builet had grazed my finger and I felt the blood. Old Sapt turned round in the saddle. Some one fired again, but they had no rifles, and we again, but they had no rifles, and we see a sand of the saddle of the sa were out of range. Sapt fell to laugh- But Diaz has outlived nearly all his first

"That's one to me and two to you. not one figure of political prominence with decent luck," said he. "Little Josef who could set his face against the Gov.

have killed them.

"The big fellow did; as I struck him I heard him cry, 'The King!'" "Good! good! Oh, we'll give Black Michael some work before we've done!"

Pausing an instant, we made a band-age for my wounded finger, which was bleeding freely and sched severely, the bone being much bruised. Then we rode on, asking of our good horses all "Which way?" asked Black Michael.
"To the castle, your Highness," urged his companion. "There we shall learn the truth."

For an instant the Duke hesitated.
"I thought I heard hoofs," said he.
"I think not, your Highness."

That cursed oil woman, he broke for the game. They came up to kidnap the King, and—as I say—somehow they found him. If you hadn't gone to Strelsau, you and I and Fritz had been in Heaville and the give us sustenance for ourselves and our horses. sustenance for ourselves and our horses. I, feigning toothache, muffled my face Then ahead again, till Streisen lay before us. It was 8 o'clock or nearing 9, and the gates were all open, as they always were save when the Duke's caprice or intrigues shut them. We rode in by the same way as we had come out the evening before, all four of "Come, come!" I repeated impatient-and jaded. The streets were even quieter than when we had gone; everyone we met hardly a soul till we reached the little gate of the palace. There

Sapt's old groom was waiting for us. "Is all well, sir?" he asked. "All's well," said Sapt, and the man,

coming to see, took my hand to kiss.
"The King's hurt!" he cried.
"It's nothing." said I, as I dismount-"I caught my finger in the door." "Remember-silence!" said Sapt but, my good Freyler, I do not "Ah!

The old fellow shrugged his shoul-"All young men like to ride abroad now and again; why not the King?" said he; and Sapt's laugh left his opinion of my motives undisturbed.
"You should always trust a man,

observed Sapt, fitting the key in the lock-"just as far as you must." We went in and reached the dressing-Flinging open the door, we Fritz von Tarlenheim stretched, fully dressed, on the sofa. He seemed to have been sleeping, but our entry woke him. He leaped to his feet, gave one giance at me, and with a joyful cry threw himself on his knees before me. "Thank God, sire! thank God, you're safe!" he cried, stretching his hand up

Sapt in grim triumph. "We've got 'em:
How can they denounce you without
denouncing themselves? 'This is not
the King, because we kidnaped the King
and murdered his servant.' Can they
that?"

to catch hold of mine.
I confess that I was moved. This
King, whatever his faults, made people
love him. For a moment I could not
bear to speak or break the poor fellow's illusion. But tough old Sapt had He slapped his hand "Bravo, lad!" cried he. "We shall

Fritz looked up in bewilderment. "You're wounded, sire!" he exclaim

"It's only a scratch," said I, "but-I paused.
He rose to his feet with a bewildered what up and down, and down and up. Then suddenly he dropped my hand and

reeled back. 'Where's the King? Where's the King?" he cried. "Hush, you fool!" hissed Sapt. "Not so loud! Here's the King!" A knock sounded at the door.

bim to put you in?"

It was a wild plan—wilder even and more hopeless than the trick we had already carried through; but as I listened to Sapt I saw the strong points in our game. And then I was a young gentleman, who came up to my bedside, bowing again and again,

seized me by the hand.

Majesty had undergone yesterday, "My best thanks, sir, to my cousin," said I; "and tell her Royal Highness lard. that I was never better in my life."

"The King," added old Sapt (who, I began to find, loved a good lie for its that it has never been effaced. Three

especially to inquire how the King's health was after the fatigues which his

The young gentleman (he reminded me of Osric in "Hamlet") bowed him-self out again. The farce was over, and Fritz von Tarlenheim's pale face re-"Hang you!" he grinned. "I make you a King, and— Well, do it. Go and fetch him, while I look to the horses. He can't lie very deep, but I doubt if "Is the King dead?" he whispered. "But he's in Please God, no," said I. "But he's in

(To be continued)

MEXICO.

dull brown, stretched inside. I walked two yards into the cellar, and held the candle high above my head. I saw the full bins of wine; I saw spiders crawling on the walls; I saw, too, a couple of empty bottles lying on the floor; and then, away in the corner, I saw the body of a men bring flavor his back of a men bring flavor him into the passage and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering that instant Sapt came approximation of the passage and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering that I must find space and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering that I must find space and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering that I must find space and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering that I must find space and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering that I must find space and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering that I must find space and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering the laid him down, remembering that I must find space and thence toward the door of the house. Just inside I laid him down, remembering the laid him down, remembering th Wonderful Transformation in that Ancient Spanish Land.

The many fantastic notions concern ing Mexico which have been all too current among us are not to be wondered at, though they are now rapidly being removed, thanks to the excellence of the railway and steamer service between race prejudice add that we are too much taken up with our own progress to know or care much beside any save our own interests. It is notorious to those who know both countries that educated Americans are more ignorant of Mexico than educated Mexicans are ignorant of

the United States. One reason is that the Latin-American races differ from men, come to remove the traces of their evil work. I hesitated no longer, but an irresistible desire seized me. Point-country an Embassador who would be country an Embassador who would be lost there without an interpreter. Men are selected who are gentlemen in appearance, who can command the respect of business men, and who know how to ask for the information they desire. The result is that Mexico is steadily informed as to the moods and wants of this

It is almost impossible to conceive the change from the Mexico of 30 years or so back to the Mexico of now. There was no touring then, and nowhere was travel more unsafe. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, practically no commerce, and, at the bottom of all, no security. No man when he went to bed, worst. The lower classes of the people and least of all the President, knew the Indians, are uniformly dirty and what the Government would be in the squalid, and contact with them is no morning

Mexico of To-day.

"Revolver ready?" asked Sapt.

"No: steel for me," said I.

To-day Mexico is as safe as our own country—life, property and human rights are as secure as with us. As for the Mexico dilently for a minute or two. Then we heard the tramp of men on the drive the other side of the house. They came to a stand, and one cried: "Now, then, fetch him out!"

"Now, then, fetch him out!"

"Now, then, fetch him out!"

"Now, "whispered Sapt.

"Mexico of To-day.

Mexico of To-day.

To-day Mexico is as safe as our own country—life, property and human rights are as secure as with us. As for itself. Compare the history of Mexico with that of other South American Republics, where pletator has succeeded President, while American ladies pass him clad in the lightest of Summer fabrics. They work for an infinite simal wage, and live in a manuer that would surely kill an American in a short time, very rarely tasting meant, but living on beans and tortillas, a kind of consciences of some of the comrades." They came to a stand, and one cried:
"Now, then, fetch him out!"
"Now!" whispered Sapt.
Driving the spurs into our horses, we rushed at a gallop round the house, and in a moment we were among the ruffans. Sapt toid me afterward that he killed a man, and I believe him; but I saw no more of him. With a cut I split the head of a fellow on a brown horse. saw no more of him. With a cut I split the head of a fellow on a brown horse, and he fell to the ground. Then I found myself opposite a big man, and I was half conscious of another to my right. It was too warm to stay, and with a simultaneous action I drove my spurs into my horse again and my sword full into the big man's breast.

It is not even a dictatorship, but rather a logical paternalism—a scheme which would be a fire. As may be imagined, this is not a dictatorship, but rather a logical paternalism—a scheme which would be a free conductive to great physical strength, yet the soldiers withstand long marches on it, seemingly with no ill effects.

The restaurants are, however, universely to the native dishes, the seemed to be very popular with the officient of the matter of them when taps were sounded.

One comrade says that he does not know who stole the last pig and chicken, but he will having some time that them when taps were sounded.

One comrade says that he does not know who stole the last pig and chicken, but he will ensure the proposition of the remarkable man who has done of the remarkable man who has done what no other man of modern times has formly excellent, and if one will accusted the proposition of the proposition of the remarkable man who has done whith a simultaneous action I drove my spurs into my horse again and my such as the proposition of the matter of them when taps were sounded.

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One comrade says that he does not know who stole the last pig and chicken, but he will be conducted in the

a revolution, and a revolution means lite viands were anything but poorly Another modest and contrite comrade debts as well as other inheritances not prepared—in fact, in most cases unfit writes from a town in Pennsylvania, will have company."

"Aye, they'll be a parti carree," said cia's is long past. There are no longer ive killed them... and I rejoiced to any brigand Governors, and the traveler of to-day meets customs officials who port of New York, to shame. There is probably no country in the New World whose whole public service is to-day so scrupulously clean—and this assertion

is made neither carelessly nor ignorantly. It is not so many years ago that the Republic was honeycombed with of-ficial corruption, but the administration of President Diaz has never had a stain. and has kept up a steady pressure until now not a State in the Republic is spot-

ted as to its local Government.

Municipal Improvements. Even to one familiar with the phe nomenal growth of parts of our own West, as well as the surprising though more conservative development of the East, it is a revelation to watch the June 17 to Sept. 17, 1862, Comrade S. L. pace of almost every Mexican city in Chasteen, 6th Ky. Cav., Lexington, Ky., municipal improvements. Modern wa-ter works replace the old Spanish aque-ducts; modern sewerage replaces the street sinks of centuries; rapid transit, Oho, at that time. Neither the 10th has too high an idea of the good sense especially in Mexico City, would put to shame many of our own cities; and the schools, lighting and public buildings

een able to exist for nearly 400 years in the bottom of a natural sink is the best possible tribute to the salubrity of the climate of Mexico. She has had rard; 14th Ky., Col. J. E. Cochran; 19th stood forever as a disgrace to the buildfearful epidemics in the past, and there are not, perhaps, the best of conditions o-day, but the lane has reached its turning, and Mexico is drained by the greatest drainage canal in the world, a work begun in 1607, and only completed

in 1898. It is not pleasant for a sojourner in a land of infinite good breeding to confess that so much of the mother-tongue as befalls his ear upon the streets is of the profane variety. There are many of the finest types of American and English manhood in Mexico, but one is often given to wonder where they are. Of course, the truth is they are about their business—at the office, the mine or what not-leaving the English conversation to be carried on in the street by a very different sort. Long experience in the lands to the south of our country has bred in me a vast respecof the tolerance of the Spanish-Ameri an. Even the tourist, who one believe to be at least representative of his countrymen, seems to lose sight of the fact that many of the Mexican gentlemen can speak and understand English as well as he can, and will talk about "dirty greasers" in a fashion to bring a blush of shame to the cheeks

of his compatriots. Street Scenes. To the American visiting Mexico for

the first time many things will seem al-most past belief in a country so near our own, and yet so dissimilar. He may 'charro," worn by many of the rich naciendados, but now, alas, gradually passing and giving way to hideous Parsian fashions a year out of date. Verily, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these gentlemen, who may be seen any pleasant Sunday moraing in the Alameda, listening to the band and sipping drinks, or in the afternoon mounted on magnificent horses, and riding in the Paseo de la Reforma to Chapultepec. And these gatherings are surely the most cosmopolitan in the orld—the rich planter; the splendidly uniformed officer; the American trav eler; the Mexican senora, with her dia-monds, her costumes from Paris or New York; the poor barefooted Indian wo-man, with her baby carried in her reboya or shawl; and the private soldier with his linen uniform and his cowhide sandals form a spectacle that is strange indeed to one accustomed to the hurry The seal of Spain is upon all thing

that she touched. To the thoughtful few sidelights are more striking in history than this vital individuality of the Spar opened in the New World he wrote hi own sake), "has slept without a break centuries of change and evolution hav every country between us and Pata gonia, and there is no land in which h ever settled which does not to-day bea in its inmost being the heritage of hi religion, his language and his social cus

> How significant this is we may bette judge when we remember that the Sax on, masterful though he is, has neve achieved these results. He has filled

(or lack of it), but only by filling them with his own blood, never by changing

tribe speaks Spanish, and has done so for centuries,
It is a curious fact that no other Na-Church was always on his shoulder. Individually and casually he might elude

it, but broadly he could not.

The same astonishing individuality which has stamped itself forever upon the offspring of his union with other bloods has, when he stayed unmixed, as remarkably preserved his family like-ness. Among the civilized Nations only the Jew hands down the ancestral face

persistently through the ages.
In the face of all this American and English capital and enterprise are the factors which have brought about the Walker, C. S. A. On that day gives an American an idea of the mag- colors. mington, Del.

Antiquated Hotels.

Yet there is the other side of th pleasant. They, like many others of the races which have deteriorated, are pe-

Very Much Off His Base.

Editor National Tribune: In his ef- the full measure of his guilt. fort to answer some comrades as to the 49th Ind, being at Cumberland Gap ist Mich. Battery were there, but the that they mean seriously any commem-forces at the time of the evacuation of oration of a brutal, cowardly villain and generally would not be despised in our the Gap consisted of the 16th Ohio, Col. a pliant tool. But if they do, what of own country.

That the great City of Mexico has Lionel F. Sheldon; 33d Ind., Col. John erect a monument to the devil, but was Coburn; 49th Ind., Col. John W. Ray, stopped by the authorities. If the mon-but then commanded by Lieut.-Col. ument had been erected it would not

new lands with his speech and his faith Col. Bird; 2d E. Tenn., Col. Carter; 3d E. Tenn., Col. L. C. Houk; 4th E. Tenn., Col. Robt. Johnson; 5th E. Tenn., Col. the native. The United States, for example, speaks English, but what Indian tribe ever spoke English? In the greatly vaster Spanish-America every Indian more; artillery, and Col. Munday's Kentucky cavalry. The brigade commanders were Gen. S. P. Carter, Gen. Absa-lom Baird, Gen. I. G. Spears and Col. tion in history ever produced, legiti-mately, so many crosses with aboriginal Landrum did not command brigades at blood as has Spain. The early conquis-todor was human, but the hand of the Brigadier-Generals. Comrade Enos Brigadier-Generals. Comrade Enos Pearson, 16th Ohio, Wooster, O., will bear me out in this assertion. I have a large lithograph, 21 by 26 inches, showing the weird scene of the Gap the night of the evacuation Sept. 17, 1862; also, diaries and histories to refresh my memory.—Jacob Snyder, Co. K, 49th Ind., Cannelton, Ind.

Wounding of Gen. Walker, C. S. A. Editor National Tribune: I have just read an article in your paper asking for information of the wounding of Gen. great awakening. The great break-gade was under the command of Col. water which surrounds Vera Cruz, the largest part of country to the largest part of the Western regiwater which surrounds Vera Cruz, the largest port of entry for vessels in the ments. He was a white-haired old genments. He was a white-haired old genments and was built by an English firm, and most of the railroads, public improvements and trolley systems have been installed by American firms. It gives an American an idea of the magcolors. He was a regiment in pits with their gives an American an idea of the magmitted of his country was been to see the province of the Lorente's rits and days then nitude of his country when he enters a ed the Johnnies' pits and drove them street car in a Mexican City and finds out. We got some prisoners. I got one that it was built in St. Louis or Wil- who was very fet. I took him back to the battery, returned to my regiment, and just as I got to my company I saw two horsemen in gray coming out of the woods. When they saw us they halted. Our boys called out to them to come in, but they turned. Our boys pened fire, but got but one of them, who proved to be Maj.-Gen. Walker. The one who escaped was said to have been Gen. Peauregard. Gen. Walker sald if they had known who we were

they would have bagged the whole of us. Gen. Terry, I heard, gave up his tent to Gen. Walker, who had his leg amputated. My brigade was the Sec-ond of the First Division, Tenth Corps.

an appetizing one.

The future of the Republic is a great one, but the chances for an American without capital are practically nil. All some whisky from the tavern in town the arable land, all the mines, all the into camp. When the Lieutenant's back great haciendas or plantations are own- was turned he got away with the demigreat naciendas or piantations are owned by capitalists, and the conditions
only go to justify the saying that "it
takes money to make money." The diffidifficulty in obtaining labor are all eleinvite his brother officers in to share difficulty in obtaining labor are all ele-ucts, the changed conditions, and the ucts, the changed conditions, and the planting labor are all ele-gled in. He submits to us a moral difficulty in obtaining labor are all elegled in. He submits to us a moral ments which make against the small question which we will pass on to our be, however, in the not far future a impunishing the Lieutenant's offense time when the colonist will not only be and promoting the sobriety of the offiwelcomed as he is now, but will be able to sell his produce to advantage, and destion which we will pass on to eur readers for decision. Was he justified in punishing the Lieutenant's offense and promoting the sobriety of the regiment in stealing the demijohn? To-day he feels that whisky when the mineral resources, even now is the greatest curse of the world, and hardly in the beginning of their devel- whatever he may have done to contribopment, will add to our own wealth, as ute to the temperance of the officers of well as enrich the sister Republic at our doors.

ute to the temperance of the officers of his regiment was probably offset by the deleterious effects upon his own company, who did not allow the whisky to He wants us to pr

Wirz Monument. It seems to J. H. Eastburn, First Lieutenant, Co. E. 76th Ill., Sheldon, Ky., Col. Thos. J. Landrum, and 22d er. The same will be true of the Wirz

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